

Thursday Morning, June 28, 1865.

The Union Convention.

It is no news to the readers of the *Phoenix*, that several weeks ago a National Union Club was organized in Washington. We published it at the time, and announced that our worthy Governor, Hon. J. L. Orr, was one of the vice-presidents. We expressed our belief that this association would be of vast benefit to the cause of restoration and union, and we have not been disappointed.

The call for a National Union Convention, which reached us by telegraph, on Tuesday night, emanates from that organization, and we are pleased to notice, by subsequent despatches, that the movement is under the direct approval of the President, endorsed by all the leading, true conservatives in Washington city. This Convention, when assembled, will write the sentence, and subscribe the death warrant of the radical party. This Convention is just what the country wants at the present time, and will be the effectual remedy—if conducted as we believe it will be—for all the political evils under which our unfortunate country now groans and suffers.

To the people of the South, to the people of South Carolina, this call will be eminently gratifying. We, of course, have deprecated the idea of the Southern people becoming involved again in national, or rather party, politics; but this movement has not any of the offensive elements of mere partisan organizations; it is initiated for the salvation of the Union, for the rescue of the Constitution of our beloved country from the destructive clutches of the base men who are fast usurping the rights of Government and of the people.

We presume Governor Orr, as one of the officers of this patriotic association, will communicate to our people all the information necessary for their action. As at present advised, we would say that South Carolina must be represented.

Hon. L. D. Campbell—Negro Suffrage.

Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, from Ohio, has, within a short time, become somewhat distinguished for his manly and frank utterances on the great political questions of the day. In a recent speech made by him at Dayton, Ohio, he declared that, as near as he could remember, one hundred and sixty-five amendments to the Constitution had been offered during the present session of Congress. What a commentary is this on the course of the Republican party, who, before the war, rejected every motion to amend that Constitution, in a way that would have saved the country from all the horrors of civil war, and the evils the same party are now inflicting upon the country.

But in the same speech, Mr. Campbell took the strongest grounds against the right of the Congressional faction interfering with the matter of suffrage in the States. He illustrated and justified his opinion in this respect, by alleging that from the date of the foundation of the Government, this inalienable State right had not been interfered with, although, as he said, no two States in the Union had precisely the same laws on the subject. As we learn from our exchanges, he charged that the radicals had no motive in their interference but to keep the Southern States out of Congress, and to exclude them from voting in the Federal elections until after the next Presidential election.

"He furthermore declared himself against the amendment basing representation on votes. He is afraid the South will confer the right of suffrage on the negroes, and thus increase their representative power to the extent of their whole negro population, instead of three-fifths, as before the war. He thinks there are other sectional issues besides slavery, which is now dead, that may render the increase of Southern influence in Congress dangerous to the North. He considers all hypotheses based on the idea that the negroes would not vote with and sympathize with the whites, upon whom they must depend for everything, absurd and delusive."

It will be remembered that Judge Campbell has recently been appointed Minister to Mexico—a position he will doubtless fill acceptably to the country and to the Government to which he is accredited.

A "Memorial Association" has been formed in Sumter, and Mrs. F. J. Moses appointed President.

The Foreign News.

The New York papers, of Monday, bring us the details of the foreign news, by the steamer *Germania*, to the 13th inst. The Austrian ambassador had left Berlin, on the 13th, by the order of his Government, which, according to the despatch of Count Bismarck, puts an end to all friendly relations between the two countries. The Austrians have withdrawn from Holstein, and the Prussians are now in possession of that Duchy.

The London *Times*, of the 13th, says:

"The whole country is now hushed in expectation of the first cannon shot. Armies more numerous and complete have seldom been arrayed against each other. According to trustworthy estimates, the Austrian army will number not far from 350,000 men, while the Prussians have 280,000 in the field, with a reserve of 50,000 between Berlin and the Saxon frontier."

The Paris *Presse* says:

"The Emperor of Mexico had requested financial assistance from France, declaring his intention to abdicate unless such assistance were afforded. The French Government, it is added, had resolved to refuse this demand, and instructed Marshal Bazaine to institute a fresh *Pobiscium* in case the Emperor Maximilian should carry out his intention of abdicating."

From the letter read to the Corps Legislatif, from Louis Napoleon, it would appear that France will remain quiescent for the present.

Proceedings of the Columbia Memorial Association.

The meeting was called to order and opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Martin, and the following officers elected:

President—Mrs. Macfie.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. John Fisher, Mrs. John Bryce, Mrs. J. B. Adger, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. J. L. Reynolds, Mrs. Howard Caldwell, Mrs. L. D. Childs, Mrs. G. T. Berg, Mrs. Stephen DeVeaux.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss I. D. Martin.

It was moved and carried, that the society should be called the "Columbia Memorial Association," and that ceremonies in commemoration of the dead of the Confederate army buried in Columbia, should be performed at Elmwood Cemetery, on Tuesday, July 3, 1865.

The following ladies were appointed a Committee of Arrangements: Mrs. C. R. Bryce, Mrs. Samuel Fair, Mrs. J. A. Dargan, Mrs. Cordes, Miss O'Neale, Miss Ada Sims, Miss Mary Hampton, Miss LaBorde, Miss Sallie Bell, Miss Grace Elmore, Miss Martin, Miss Nichols, Miss Jane Reynolds, Miss Wallace, Miss Glaze, Miss Wade, Miss Adger.

And the following gentlemen requested to act with them: Gen. Alexander, his Honor the Mayor, Col. Miller, Maj. Meighan, Capt. Bachman, Capt. Waties, Maj. W. H. Gibbs, Maj. D. B. Miller, Lieut. John T. Rhett, Dr. B. W. Taylor, Capt. Thos. Taylor, Capt. Leaphart, Lieut. R. C. Shiver, Lieut. P. H. B. Shuler, Mr. W. A. Clarkson, Mr. C. W. Hutson, Mr. Lamar Stark, Mr. C. Beck, Mr. George Howe, Lieut. O'Neale, Maj. Peck, Mr. J. C. Bryce, Capt. Hewett, Lieut. Campbell, Lieut. John Taylor, Capt. Hampton, Lieut. Lee, Lieut. Heise, Capt. Brown, Lieut. Richbourg, Mr. Hannahan, Mr. Swaffield, Lieut. Percival, Mr. Jones, Mr. Henry Davis, Mr. Samuel Morris, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Burns, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Solomon, Mr. C. H. Baldwin, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. Trezevant, Mr. G. Boggs, Mr. Tenny, Mr. John Crawford, Lieut. E. Stenhouse, Lieut. W. McGregor, Mr. Frapp.

The meeting was closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Howe.

A special despatch to the *Charleston Courier*, dated Washington, June 26, says:

The Senate, to-day, passed the House Freedmen's Bureau bill, with an important amendment, providing that lands in St. Luke and St. Helena Parishes, acquired by the Government at tax sales, and amounting in the aggregate to 38,000 acres, shall be sold in twenty-acre lots, exclusively to the negroes now occupying such lands under General Sherman's order. These lots are to be paid for at \$1.50 per acre, payable in six years. The amendment further provides that, upon the completion of the transfer of said lands, the President is authorized to restore fully to the former owners lands now occupied under Sherman's order, excepting lands sold for taxes; but such restoration is not to be permitted until the crops are gathered, and fair compensation is to be made for the improvements.

All of the radical members supported this amendment, which the House will accept, thus making it a law.

Mr. Colfax has written to the *Indianapolis Journal* to correct the rumor that he is going to Europe, and to announce himself as a candidate for re-election. A Mr. Tyva is willing to accept the radical nomination for Congress, in Mr. Colfax's District, in case Mr. Colfax's friends shall urge him for the United States Senate.

Interesting Letter.

The following letter from Mrs. Davis will be read with interest, as giving a most graphic view of what that unfortunate family have had to suffer, from the time Mr. Davis was separated from them on the steamer *Clyde*, in Hampton Roads. All these things ought to be kept green in the memory of Southerners:

MILL VIEW, NEAR AUGUSTA, GA., October 10, 1865.

Col. John J. Craven, Chief Medical Officer, Fortress Monroe, Va.

MY DEAR COLONEL: Though you remain irrevocably dumb, I am sure you hear me, and in addressing you I feel as if writing to one of my oldest and most reliable friends. Every letter from my husband comes freighted with good wishes for you, and thanks for all your kindness to him in his hours of anguish and solitude. Can you doubt that my prayers for you, and appreciation of your goodness, have been even greater than his, for I could do nothing but pray? Mr. Davis sent me *carte de visite* of your dear Anna, whose sweet face my baby knows and has been taught to kiss as her father's friend. The baby sends her a little fan and a few white flowers, made in Augusta. I hope she may like them. Mr. Davis writes me that she has gone to the Moravian school, near Eastern, where, I trust, your niece may have the pleasure of seeing her.

I am rendered very anxious by the obstinacy of the erysipelas with my suffering husband. He complains—in answer to entreaties for an account of his condition, without concealment—of loss of sleep. I dread paralysis for him, his nerves have been so highly strung for years without relief. If you can, dear Dr. Craven, do entreat, and perhaps you may prevail upon, the authorities to let him sleep without a light. He is too feeble to escape, and could not bear a light in his room when in strong health. The sequel of these attacks has always been an attack of amaurosis, and in one of them he lost his eye. It first came on with an attack of acute neuralgia, but it is useless for me to begin to tell you of his constitution. You must have seen pretty well its peculiarities, in the long and kind watches you have kept with him.

I had hoped to relieve his mind by a full letter of personal narrative, but that letter he has not received.

When he was taken from me on the ship, the provost guard and some women detectives came on board, and after the women searched our persons, the men searched our baggage.

Either they or the soldiers standing around took everything they fancied, and some things so large that I did not see how their conduct could escape the eye of the guard, and of the officer who superintended the search. They then told my servants that they could go ashore, if they did not desire to go to Savannah. The husband of my negro nurse forced her to go, and the white girl left, from an unwillingness to be exposed to a Southern climate. I entreated to be permitted to embark at Charleston, as my sister, Miss Howell, still continued to be ill, and I feared to return on the ship with a drunken pursuer, who had previously required Col. Pritchard's authority to keep him in order; and going back, Mrs. Clay, my sister and myself would be the only women on the ship; but this was refused. Acting as my own chambermaid and nurse, and the nurse also of my sister and Mrs. Clay, who were both ill, we started for Savannah. We had a fearful gale, in which the upper decks once or twice dipped water, and no one could walk; but as I felt as wretched as could be, I did not fear a future state.

God protected us from the fury of the elements; but the soldiers now began to open and rob our trunks again. The crew, however, gave us some protection, and one of the officers in the engine room gave up his cabin and locked everything we had left up in it. The Lieutenant of the 14th Maine, Mr. Grant, though a plain man, had the heart of a gentleman, and took care of us with the greatest assiduity. Some of the soldiers and crew helped me to nurse, and saved me many an hour of wakefulness and fatigue. My little daughter Maggie was quite like an old woman; she took her sister early every morning—for the nights were so rough I could not sleep, because it was necessary to hold the infant, to avoid bruising it—and with the assistance of our faithful servant, Robert, who held her still while she held her sister, she nursed her long enough for me to rest. Little Jeff, and I did the house-keeping; it was a fair division of the labor, and not unpleasant, as it displayed the good hearts of my children.

At the harbor of Charleston, the sick began to improve. We procured ice and milk, and the day's rest, which the ship at anchor gave them, improved them much.

Arrived at Savannah, we trudged up to the hotel quite in emigrant fashion. Margaret with the baby and Robert with the baggage; I, with Billy and Jeff, and Maggie, in quite an old-fashioned manner, keeping all straight and acting as parcel carrier, for we could not procure any carriage, and must walk until we reached the Pulaski House, where, after a day and night, we procured comfortable rooms. The inn-keeper was a kind man, and felt for my un-

fortunate condition. He therefore did everything in his power to make us comfortable. A funny incident happened the day I arrived there. A black waiter, upon answering my bell, and being told to call my manservant Robert, replied very impudently, that "if he should see Robert, he would give the order, but did not expect to see him." When Robert heard it, he waited till all the black servants had assembled at dinner, and then remarked that he should hate to believe there was a colored man so low as to insult a distressed woman, but if so, though a peaceable man, he should whip the first who did so. The guilty man began to excuse himself, whereupon Robert said, "Oh, it was you, was it? Well, you do look mean enough for that or anything else." From that time, all the greatest assiduity could do was done for me, first from *esprit de corps*, and then from kind feeling.

The people of Savannah treated me with the greatest tenderness. Had I been a sister long absent and just returned to their home, I could have received no more tender welcome. Houses were thrown open to me—anything and everything was mine. My children had not much more than a change of clothing after all the parties who had us in charge had done lightening our baggage, so they gave the baby dresses, and the other little ones enough to change until I could buy or make more.

Unfortunately for me, Gen. —, who, I hear, was not "to the manner born," was in command of the district at the time. I asked permission to see him, and as I was so unwell that I could not speak above my breath, with a cold, and suffered from fever constantly—the result of exposure on the ship—I wrote to beg that he would come and see me, for his aid had told me the night before that I could not be permitted to leave Savannah, and having been robbed of nearly all my means, I could not afford to stay at the hotel; and, besides, as soon as I reached the hotel, detectives were placed to watch both me and my visitors, so I did not feel at liberty, thus accompanied, to go to private houses.

Gen. —'s aid, whose animus was probably irreproachable, but whose orthography was very bad, was directed to tell me that, except under very extraordinary circumstances, he did not go out of his office, and "all such" (which I afterwards found to mean myself), "as desired to see him, would call at his office." To which I answered that I thought my illness and my circumstances constituted an extraordinary case; but that I was sorry to have asked anything which he "felt called upon so curtly to refuse," and requested to be informed what hour would please him on the following day, and I would do myself the honor to call upon him. Whereupon, the same unfortunate, well-meaning, ill-spelling young gentleman wrote to me, that "all such as desired might draw nigh from 9 until 3."

I went, accompanied by Gen. Mercer, of Savannah. Need I say that Gen. — did himself justice, and verified my preconceived opinion of him in our interview, in which he told me "he guessed I could not telegraph to Washington, write to the heads of department there, or to anybody, except through the regular channel, approved," and I could not write to my friends "except through the provost marshal's office," and that I was permitted to pay my expenses, but must remain within the limits of Savannah.

With many thanks for the large liberty accorded so graciously, I bowed myself out, first having declined to get soldiers' rations by application for them to this Government.

In this condition, I remained for many weeks, until, fortunately for me, Gen. Birge relieved him—who had it not in his power, however, to remove the restrictions any further than to take the detective away, of whom I heard, but did not see. But Gen. Birge permitted me to write unrestrictedly to whom I pleased, and appeared anxious, in the true spirit of a gentleman, to offer all the courtesies he consistently could.

My baby caught the whooping cough, and was ill almost unto death for some days with the fever which precedes the cough, and then she slowly declined. I did what I could to give her fresh air, but the heat was so intense, the insects so annoying, and the two rooms such close quarters, that she and I suffered much more than I hope you or yours will ever know by experience.

My most acute agony arose from the publication and republication in the *Savannah Republican* of the shocking scene in Mr. Davis' case, which, to think of, stops my heart's vibration. It was piteous to hear the little children pray, at their grace, "that the Lord would give father something which he could eat, and keep him strong, and bring him back to us with his good senses, to his little children, for Christ's sake;" and, nearly every day, during the hardest, bitterest of his imprisonment, our little child, Maggie, had to quit the table to dry her tears, after this grace, which was of her own composition.

I believe, doctor, I should have lost my senses, if these severities had been persevered in, for I could neither eat nor sleep, for a week, but opiates and the information of the change effected by your advice relieved me, and I have thanked God, nightly, for your brave humanity. It is easier to fight with a revolver than to repeat unplea-

sant truths to a hostile and untrammelled power, in the full indulgence of its cruel instincts. All honor to the brave men who fearlessly did so.

Though I ate, slept and lived in my room, rarely or never going out in the day, and only walking out late at night, with Robert for protection, I could not keep my little ones so closely confined. Little Jeff and Billy went out on the streets to play, and there Jeff was constantly told that he was rich; that his father had "stolen \$8,000,000," etc. Billy was taught to sing "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree," by giving him a reward when he did so; and he made such good friends with the soldiers, that the poor child seemed to forget a great deal of his regard for his father. The little thing finally told me, one day, "You think I'somebody; so is you; so is father, but you is not; so is not any of us, but me. I am a Yankee, every time." The rough soldiers, doubtless, meant to be kind, but such things wound me to the quick. They took him off, and made him snatch apples off the stalls, if Robert lost sight of him for a moment.

Finally, two women from Maine contemplated whipping him, because they found out that he was his father's son; but "a man more wise did them surprise," and took him off just in time to avoid a very painful scene to them as well as to me. These things went on in the street—I refer only to the street teachings—though these women were, with the other, dishonorable exceptions to the ladies in the house, until Captain — was ordered to Savannah on duty. He brought with him a person, who I heard was his wife. As I never went into the parlor, I did not see her, but my little son, Jeff, went, accidentally, into the room, one day, and interrupted a conversation she was indulging herself in with one of the negro writers, in which she was laying down "the proper policy to be pursued toward Mr. Davis."

The servant having been brought up by a lady, felt very uncomfortable, and said, "Madam, there is his son." She called Jeff up to her and told him his father was "a rogue, a liar and assassin, and that means a murderer, boy; and I hope he may be tied to a stake and burned a little bit at a time with lightwood knots. God forbid you should grow up a comfort to your mother. Remember you can never be a gentleman while this country lasts. Your father will soon be hanged, but that death is too quick."

The negro retired mortified and sent my nurse to call little Jeff; and so, with his little face purple with mortification, and wet with tears from his streaming eyes, he came up to me, leaving the pious and patriotic lady to find another audience as congenial to her tastes as the first had been.

I commended Jeff's gentlemanly conduct in making no reply; cautioned him against ever persecuting or distressing a woman or a friend, if it took that shape; made application for permission the next day to go away to Augusta; was refused, and then prepared the children to go where they would not see such indignantly patriotic and prophetic females. Nothing, however, but the dread of intruding into a secret and sacred grief prevented my writing poor Capt. — a sympathetic note, to condole with him upon the dispensation of Providence under which, in the person of his wife, he groaned.

Hourly scenes of violence were going on in the street, and not reported, between the whites and blacks, and I felt that the children's lives were not safe. During Gen. —'s regime, a negro sentinel levelled his gun at my little daughter, to shoot her for calling him "uncle."

I could mourn with hope if my children lived, but what was to become of me if I was deprived of them? So I sent them off with many prayers and tears, but confident of the wisdom of the decision. On the ship I understood a man was very abusive, in their hearing, of Mr. Davis, when my faithful servant, Robert, inquired with great interest: "Then you tell me I am your equal? You put me alongside of you in everything?" The man said "Certainly." "Then," said Robert, "take this from your equal," and knocked him down. The captain was appealed to, and upon a hearing of the case, justified Robert and required an apology of the levelled leveller.

Little Jeff is now at the endowed grammar-school, near Montreal, in charge of a Mrs. Morris, who has the care of ten little boys of good family, some of them Southern boys, and is happy—so he writes me. Mrs. Morris superintends his clothes and person, and teaches him his lessons. She was chosen by the faculty of the college for her high character. Maggie is at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in the same place where Gen. Wm. Preston's little girl was, and very kind they are to her. A nun is always present with the small girls, who are separated from the large girls. Little Billy is his grand-mother's own pet and idol, always with her, and in pretty good health. I have sent their dear father a picture of Maggie's school, and a little scribbled letter from his big boy to me.

If I have written you too long a letter, my dear sir, it is because I have collected facts, but sought "poetic sermons, non quoniam admodum." Please give your good wife as much grati-

tude as she will receive from me; and I cannot permit you to measure it for yourself. My children shall rise up and call her blessed. May God show her and hers that mercy which you have been the means of bringing to my poor husband, and you will be blessed indeed. This is the constant prayer of your grateful friend,

VARINA DAVIS.

Local Items.

We have been requested to call the attention of the Commissioners of Roads to the awful condition of the "Bluff Road" near Trenholm's mill-pond—five miles below Columbia.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the South Carolina Railroad Company has resumed the forwarding of merchandise and produce to and from the interior to Northern ports.

It is requested by the ladies of the Columbia Memorial Association that all the names of the deceased soldiers of Richland District should be handed to the Mayor, or to the members of this Association, at their meeting, this afternoon.

PROVOST COURT.—The following cases were disposed of yesterday:

The United States vs. Lilly Eichelberger and Laura Jackson, freedwomen.—Charge—Larceny. Lilly Eichelberger was sentenced to pay a fine of \$10, or be imprisoned for thirty days. Laura Jackson was sentenced to pay \$10 fine, or be imprisoned for twenty days.

The United States vs. James Brooks and Robert Hunt, freedmen.—Charge—Assault and battery on a freedman. Plead guilty. Fined ten dollars each, or thirty days hard labor.

The Court will hereafter meet at 9 o'clock, when prosecutors and witnesses will be required to attend.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Attention is called to the following advertisements, which are published this morning for the first time:

Dr. E. Still—Fine Chewing Tobacco. South Carolina Railroad Company. Columbia Memorial Association. Acadia Lodge, No. 24, A. F. M. Nomination for Legislature.

The Sodom of America.

The *Richmond Times* says: The city of Washington seems to be fast becoming the Sodom of America, where vice holds her high courts and debauchery its endless round of guilty pleasures. If we are to credit the accounts which reach us daily, disclosing the wickedness of the National Capital, it cannot be questioned that there is no city of similar proportions in the New World or the Old, which equals its features of sin and immorality. Here is what the correspondent of a New York paper says of the modern Gomorrah:

"Washington is full of drunkards, dust, frail women, speculators, niggers, lice, office seekers and thieves." A nice place, indeed, must be this locality, where the radical sanhedrim assembles. And when we consider the fascinations and blandishments which surround the martyred Congressmen, it is not strange that they have done but little and intend continuing in the same course until the dog days, or as long as cholera and public sentiment will permit them.

The Jews had an idea that no good thing could come of Nazareth, and we begin to be impressed with very much the same views about Washington. Certain it is that all political and legislative action receives color and impress from such an atmosphere. It is not the native population of Washington which is responsible for the social and moral rot which now characterizes the city of magnificent distances. The black sheep have come there with the radicals, and were not born and reared on the banks of the Potomac.

As every nation and its citizens are judged by foreigners from the displays presented at the capital, the ambassadors and ministers of the great civilized powers of the earth must be making up a most damaging record against the American people, based upon the crimes and corruptions which constantly transpire under their eyes. To us of the South, as we have no part or lot in "running the machine," it is a matter of supreme indifference how much those who represent Northern constituencies disgrace themselves. The South was once interested in unholding the honor, glory and purity of the American name, but as radicalism will not receive our assistance in these respects, they are at perfect liberty to blacken their fame to their heart's content.

ROW BETWEEN WHITES AND NEGRO SOLDIERS.—We learn from the *Wilmington Dispatch* that a fight occurred, last Thursday night, near the Western terminus of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, between a number of Irishmen and some discharged negro soldiers, employed as laborers on said road, which resulted in the killing of two negroes. The fight began by one of the white men knocking down a negro who used very insulting and abusive language towards him. Other negroes came to the aid of their comrade, and a general melee ensued, with the above result.